

## Safe by Violet Rose of Darkness

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**Summary:** Mike has a nightmare and Eleven's there to listen.  
Mileven fluff one-shot

## Safe

Hey, guys! Now, I know the nightmare thing's been done before, but I've noticed that it's usually El who has the nightmare and Mike who comforts her. Don't get me wrong, those are all very lovely, but I wanted to try something different. Now please enjoy!

OoOoOo

*White. That was the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes. It was an all-white room with blindingly bright lights. He blinked rapidly, hoping his eyes would get adjusted. He was about to call out and ask if anyone was here when the door swung open. In came two men in lab coats holding a struggling girl tightly by her arms and hauling her into the room. She was wearing a hospital gown and her head was shaved. She looked at him, her familiar big brown eyes filled with tears.*

*Eleven.*

*"El!" he shouted, rushing forward to try to pull her to him, push the scientists away - anything to save her. His eyes widened as his hand went right through her, as if he were simply a ghost. "EL! Let go of her, you bastards!" He could feel his anger and worry flare as he saw her struggle, tears streaming down her face. He was even more upset by the fact that he was powerless to stop it.*

*The two men paid him no mind as they forcibly strapped her to a metal table, restraining her arms and legs. "MIKE!" she shrieked suddenly, startling him. "Help!"*

*Mike was by her side in an instant. "El, I'm right here!" he told her fiercely, attempting to grab her hand. Of course, it didn't come into contact. He desperately tried to free her arms and legs, to no avail. It was frustrating him to no end that he wasn't able to help her.*

*Suddenly, a third man came in. Only, he wasn't a random face like the other two. No, he had seen this man only once before. Eleven seemed to recognize him as well. "Papa," she whispered, fear clouding her eyes. She began to struggle even more, the tears falling faster as she began to full on*

sob.

*The man, Dr. Brenner, approached her, a sort of metal stick in his hand. Mike knew exactly what it was, he had seen one when his class took a field trip to a nearby farm. It was a cattle prod. "You've been bad, Eleven," he said to her, approaching slowly.*

*Somehow, Mike grew even more angry. "Don't you touch her!" he warned, but it fell upon deaf ears.*

*"Papa..." whimpered El. Without hesitation, Brenner jabbed her arm with the cattle prod. She shrieked, a horrible high-pitched screech that tore his heart in two. He could see an angry red mark forming on her pale skin. He had to watch as Brenner repeated this multiple times. He screamed with her, he screamed so loud that he didn't even recognize his own voice. He shouted himself raw; shouting death threats to Brenner, shouting El's name over and over again. His throat began to hurt, but he hardly even noticed.*

*Finally, everything stopped as El's body went limp.*

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Mike shot up out of his bed in a cold sweat. He panted heavily, placing a hand on his rapidly beating heart. *It was a dream*, he told himself. *It was just a dream. El's fine. She's safe.* But as he tried to tell himself this, the fear and panic in his chest would not subside. He needed to know for a fact that she was okay, he needed to hear her voice.

Taking out his supercom, Mike desperately tried to reach her on the special channel that was only for them. "El," he whispered. He was loud enough for her to hear, but quiet enough as to not wake up the rest of the house. "El, are you there?" He suddenly felt guilty; she was probably sound asleep by now. There was no need for him to wake her up for something so silly. She probably had worse nightmare than that. *He should be the one comforting her.* He sighed and was about to put the supercom down when:

"Mike?"

It was her voice. Her soft, beautiful voice which also sounded very

tired. Hearing it nearly brought tears to his eyes. She was alive, she was alright. "Eleven," he spoke softly, relieved.

He could practically hear El frown. "What's wrong?" she asked, concern lacing her voice. "Are you okay?"

Mike almost "I-I'm fine," he assured her. And he was. Well, now he was. Just a few minutes ago, he had been a far cry away from fine. He had been ready to ride his bike in the middle of the night on a winter eve all the way to Hopper's cabin just to make sure she was alive and unharmed. But now he knew for a fact that she was safe.

"Mike."

"Yeah?"

He imagined that her eyes were narrowed dangerously. "Friends don't lie."

Mike was silent for a moment. "I had a nightmare," he finally admitted. "About you."

El stayed quiet, processing what he just said. "What about me?" she asked softly.

Mike shut his eyes tightly, not even wanting to mention the bastard's name. "The bad men," he answered. He swore to God that if he ever got he chance, he would make that bastard pay for the pain he caused her. "They took you and tortured you right in front of me. But I was like... a ghost."

"A ghost?" repeated Eleven.

Mike nodded even though he knew she couldn't see him. "You know how you can't touch people in the Void and they can't see you? Kinda like that, only you and the bad men didn't disappear."

"What did they do to me?" asked Eleven slowly.

Mike clenched the fist that wasn't holding his supercom so tight that he was close to drawing blood. What he could remember from the dream - of course, the most horrible parts - flashed through his mind,

making him relive it all over again. He felt a lump in his throat and willed himself not to cry, "H-He used a cattle prod on you," he choked out

"A cattle prod?"

"They use it on animals on farms," Mike explained. That was what the bad men had treated her like; nothing but an animal, a tool. She had never been shown love until she met him and he damn sure would never let her live life without knowing how loved she was again. He would tell her every second of every day if he had to because she was so loved. By their friends, by Hopper, and most certainly by him.

"Oh." El said nothing for a while before speaking again. "I'm coming," she announced and he could hear rustling in the background.

It took Mike a few seconds to realize what she meant. "El, *no*," he said sternly. It's not that he didn't want her with him because, God, that was the furthest thing from the truth. He wasn't afraid of Hopper or his mom either, that they could deal with. His main problem was that it was *below zero* outside. "It's freezing out, you'll get sick."

"Then I get sick," El said simply.

"El, stay home," Mike ordered, though he was amused by her adamant tone. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay. I don't want you getting a cold or, worse, the flu."

"...Fine," El relented.

Mike smiled for the first time in what felt like an eternity. "Good night, El."

"Good night, Mike."

OoOoOo

In the morning, Mike felt much more at peace than he had only a few hours ago. He blinked as the bed shifted next to him and turned to see familiar brown eyes staring back at him. "*El?*" Of course she would do this, she was the most stubborn person he had ever met.

She smiled at him. "Hi," she greeted quietly.

Mike probably should have scolded her for making such a reckless move, but as he saw that loving smile adorning her face, he felt himself melt. He brought a hand up to her cheek and caressed it with his thumb. "Hi," he uttered softly. Her skin was warm and tender to the touch and as soon as his skin made contact with hers, he felt electricity shoot through his body.

El lightly placed her hand on his chest. "Are you okay?" she repeated her question from last night.

Mike felt the corners of his mouth turn up. "I'm okay," he assured her. Actually, he was better than okay. He had her here with him and not in the hands of insane scientists who want to turn her into a weapon. She was free instead of imprisoned. She was smiling, not frowning. She was laughing instead of crying. She was happy, not sad.

Most importantly though, she was *safe*.

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**Wow, that took a long time! Anyway, I hope you liked it! I think I did a pretty okay job, but let me know what you think with a review! (Pretty please?) Buh-bye!**